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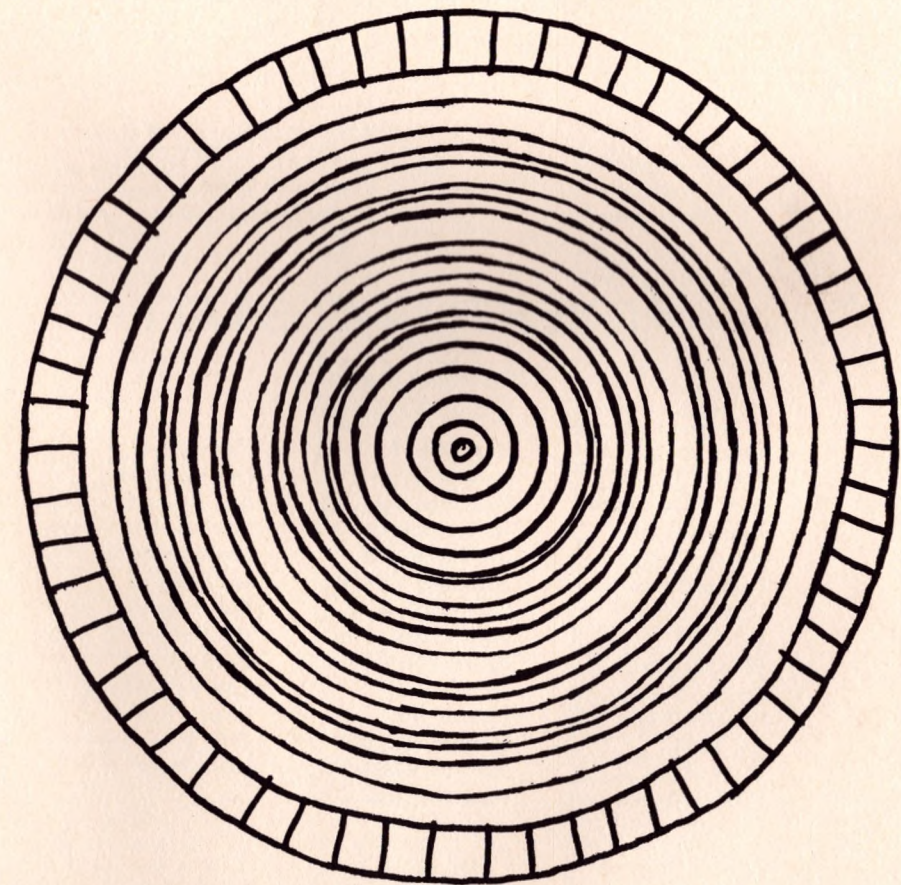
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THE WORLD OF TOTAL EXPERIENCE

IN THE modern scene, a new world has opened up, stimulated at first by LSD, and then picked up and carried on by writers, artists and free-thinkers of the 1960's. This world is Total Experience, and it involves an awareness of environment through every one of the senses. This awareness came into the public view when users of LSD spoke of finding the latent truths and solving the mysteries of the universe through a complete breakdown of reserve and an opening of all the senses while in this state of LSD suspension.

The connotation of LSD and drug addiction with total experience has worn off though, as more writers and artists discover that they can experience an awakening of all the senses merely by concentration and free thinking, without the need for hallucinogenic drugs.

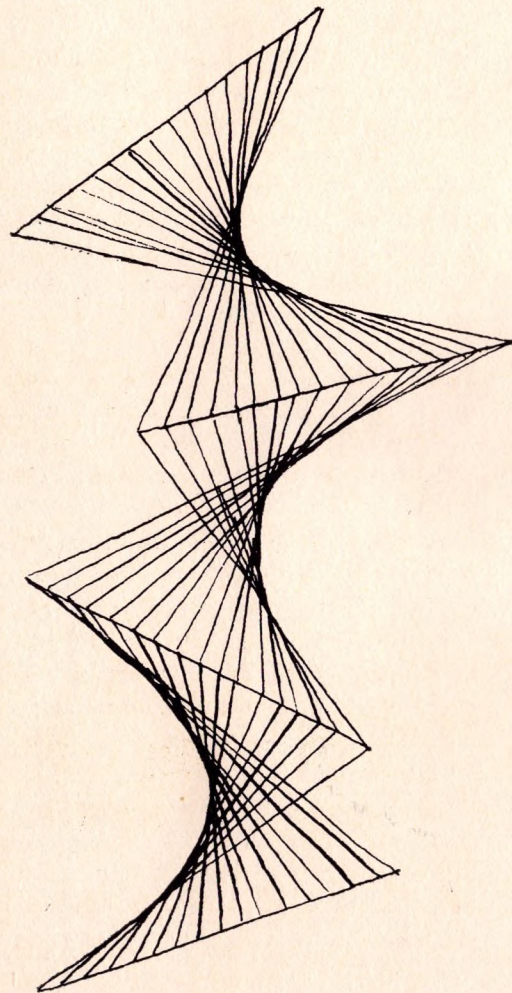
Art in terms of a total experience involves bright colors, clashings of design or color, a contrast of textures, and a vibrancy that compels one to explore the work. Very often the work would have no recognizable objects in it, for Total Experience involves the imagination and the senses, rather than the intellect.

A total experience in poetry or story form would entail complete descriptions of a man's reactions and his sensual impressions of a person or an event, rather than a description of the event or person itself. Many novelists employ Total Ex-

perience in their work, also, but in such long works, it is not possible to continue sense impressions, so they are confined to a few pages or to specific occurrences within the plot.

Total Experience has had effect on the less profound side of our culture, as well as in the arts. Advertising uses color and sound in imaginative clashes and impressionistic contrasts. Television shows have employed it when advocates of it have made appearances. For instance, when the Jefferson Airplane, a singing group that uses Total Experience in its music, and when the Hell's Angels, supposedly connected with LSD and a total environment, appeared on television, the producers of the shows arranged special lighting effects and sound tracks to convey a total experience. Movies, too, have more or less adopted the total experience. Most of them hint at its presence, as *Blow-Up* does, while others blatantly scream about it, as *The Trip*.

However the Philistines attempt to make Total Experience one of the more tarnished facets of our new culture, the fact remains that Total Experience is full awareness, of oneself and of one's environment. Full awareness can only lead to self-knowledge and understanding, and knowledge and understanding have never yet proved detrimental to man's morals.



SUSAN BARAN 12TH

MISTAKE

By Jane Salata, '68

IN A sprawling, gleaming, ultra-modern compound somewhere under the Wyoming Rockies, a colonel slumps in his large leather chair. His eyes, like pinpoints of crumbled black glass in an uncompromisingly square face, glitter with the concentration of his gaze. On a large, darkened, television-like screen in front of him, the outline of North America is etched in blue light; the lights of the computers on either side of the screen wink on and off like multi-colored stars in a clear night sky. The colonel's left hand moves nervously on the console in front of him, but his other hand is steady on the receiver of the telephone device to his right. High on the wall in back of him, the red second hand of the round electric clock silently sweeps away the minutes. 9:23 . . . 9:24 . . . 9:25 . . . suddenly three red dots appear on the screen, but the colonel seems to take no notice. He continues to watch the blue outline of Alaska, and the red pointer of the second hand continues to chase its tail around and around the moon face of the clock.

Colors, colors, colors, and noise. Silver stockings and orange paper dresses, red paisley ties and black suede boots. A thin bluish haze hangs over the dance floor, and glaring spotlights shine as if through fog. Electric guitars wail like sirens; black decal eyes are wide but unseeing. Everything and everyone in the room is in motion: strobe lights flash, the crowd writhes and contorts, even the air throbs because the beat is all there is here. That's what keeps them alive on Saturday nights, and well into Sunday morning. And somewhere up near the lights the voice is there:



"Is it real? Is it fake? Is this game of life a mistake?" The night wears on and the pace picks up. But, away in one corner and almost out of sight, there is a thin needle of red-painted steel that neither slows down nor speeds up. 9:23 . . . 9:24 . . . 9:25 . . .

9:25 . . . 9:26 . . . 9:27 . . . and now, for the first time in perhaps an hour, the colonel's eyes leave the blue outline map. He lights a cigarette, swivels the chair around, looks at the clock on the wall (suddenly four white dots are on the screen, drifting quickly from the easternmost tip of Siberia toward Juneau). It is 9:28 p. m. (the dots begin to flash; the word "alert" appears in a steady violet light over the console); his watch is

exactly correct. He inhales the cigarette smoke slowly and leans his head back . . . "Bzzzzzzz!"

The girl in the cage of lights gyrates madly. Three feet of silver hair form a vast shimmering corona around her head as she jerks it back and forth, from side to side. Silver fingernails and white lips and white stockings and silver spangles . . .

"Is it real? Is it fake? Is this game of life a mistake? . . ."

He leaps up. The receiver is in his hand immediately. "Yes sir." (the violet "alert" blinks indecisively, then is replaced by . . .)

"It is my duty to inform you that the United States is under—" ("nuclear attack" in an orange light that seems to fill the room).

"Yes sir," replies the colonel, but his voice is silent (the blue North America blinks urgently).

"Is it real? Is it fake? Is this game . . ."

"You will take the appropriate measure, Colonel." The colonel replaces the receiver carefully.

isitrealisitfakeisthisgameoflifeamistakeamistake?

"God forgive me," thinks the colonel, presses his fingers into his eyes, and touches the switch that he needs never touch again.

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THE DENTS

By Barbara Sheinhouse, '68

AS I SAT here "inking in" the covers of back issues of *The Student's Pen*, obviously with a crisis on my hands, I said to myself "Well, Barb, you did it again. You have put yourself in another one of those predicaments. Tomorrow is the deadline for your essay, not Monday, not Tuesday, but TOMORROW! And you don't even know what the theme 'psychedelic' means!" So with the firm conviction that I was going to enlighten myself with its meaning, I forced myself away from my doodling, having completed the filling in of T-H-E- and D-E-N-T-, reached for my trusty Webster's and looked . . . and looked . . . and looked. Mr. Webster obviously hadn't been informed that there was such a word as psychedelic. Neither had the other twenty authors of psychological, sociological and all the other "logical" books that I searched.

After gathering a bit of information here and a bit there, I finally learned that psychedelic is what you might call a "new happening." A HIP renaissance of the 60's as compared to the BEAT SCENE of the 50's. A renaissance that can be traced to ancient sources as all renaissances can and has been growing underground for such a long time that it just had to suddenly EXPLODE into a shocking and painful world of the subconscious by the discovery of LSD. A world of artificial hamburgs bigger than tires, sculptures that move and spin with human sound at the touch of a button, flashing, glaring lights, distorted mirrors, machines that destroy themselves in great outbursts of smoke, labeled canned goods hanging from the ceiling and being called "masterpieces", arrangements of rhythmic tones that make a room come

alive, out of control, tapes spinning, recording every movement, every breath, sounds blaring, gyrating with psychedelic rhythm, everything artificially alive, carefree, vibrating.

And then the journey comes to an end and the worst part just begins . . . REALITY. That one concept of life that people so often try to escape, REALITY . . . Life with all its beauty and ugliness. The magic theater of psychedelic visions makes men cowards, unworthy of being called "men". What should these so-called "men" be called?

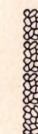
I sat there thinking, pondering, trying to come up with a word that lacked dignity and respect; a word that showed how I felt about what I had learned. And then I realized that the right word was sitting there in front of me. My incomplete doodling had supplied the exact word I needed to describe an "injury" or wound in today's society. T-H-E D-E-N-T-S. The Dents . . . a title that signified the immoral escape from reality—a scar that needs to be helped in order to prevent infection.

They Who Walked Through The Beauty

In a rich field of beauty,
Grew a weed of purple.
A pleasant weed . . . a colorful weed.
Flower, they called it.
Flower grew to be a larger weed.
Tree, they called it.
Again it grew and grew.
Soon it covered the field's beauty completely.
Cloud, they called it.
They, who watched the purple . . .
turn to hated gray.

By Jane Perlman, '68

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FORTUNE-TELLING FOR FUN AND PROPHET

By James Fulginiti, '68

IN THE WORLD of today, people are looking ahead toward tomorrow. All want to know the secrets of the future. Therefore, for those Seniors who as of yet are undecided about their vocations, let me suggest a field of work which has an infinite number of opportunities and which is seeking qualified graduates to carry on its ageless traditions—that of fortune-telling.

Fortune-telling may seem to be dying out as a result of scientific advances, but don't be fooled. Palm reading and the like have been much discussed subjects for cons. Songs like "Way Down upon the Swami River" have been composed to glorify astrologists. "Medium-rare Steak" was so named in order to make known just how few of these mortal Apollos there were. Therefore, fortune-telling is indeed an area worthy of investigation for the doubtful Senior.

The exotic art of divining the future has been taught to only a select few. I, of course, being one of them, will now tell the secrets of fortune-telling to the world.

One of the most important tasks of the palmist is that of reading tea leaves. Where, how, when, and why this practice ever came into being has been lost in time. Johann Phillippe Sousa upon hearing this was reported to have said, "Das ist wie die Kuchen brachen!" However, much research has been done in this field. Sir Hymie Rabinowitz, in his notorious *Geschichte der Tea Leaves*, vol. 561, p. 102, remarks, "Tea leaves, especially orange pekoe, are by far mankind's worst bane.

Without them all humanity most certainly would have never existed!" Rabinowitz was of high rank, and judging from this passage he must have been very high when he wrote it. Enough for tea leaves.

The prospective swami must also be acquainted with the crystal ball. It should be at least ten inches in diameter and have a black pedestal. For mood, it should be able to fill up with smoke upon command. The great Greek astrologer Exslackius, when he first discovered the method of fogging the sphere with cigarette smoke, remarked, "Ach du meine Gute!", which loosely translated means, "Sits he on never so high a throne, a man still sits on his bottom." Experimentation by other astrologers to improve the method of smoking the ball led to the invention of the cloud chamber, and also to smoked liver sausage, which of course was not recognized as a significant discovery until Mother Goose came along. The Count of Monti's Crisco was one of the first to use the cloud chamber, but he failed pathetically, and moaned, "Er ist kaputt." Crisco's name has been forgotten, but his crystal ball lives on—a fitting tribute to the only man who was arrested for walking the streets of Paris with a bare bodkin.

So for those undecided Seniors, I suggest invoking a spirit or two. If you fail in this, as well as in your academic subjects, don't lose hope. You can always make a living by stuffing indecent notes into Chinese fortune cookies.



ALONE

By Susan Termohlen, '68

A FLOOD rushed upon John as he walked down the street, drenched from head to toe. Water was everywhere. As John slowly lifted his head and opened his eyes, he saw great diamonds of white, flashing far away in the sky. As he looked around, he saw green, red and yellow streaks of light moving in all directions. Each separate light, as he looked, split into twenty different hues of that same color. Color seemed to be the only thing left in the world. Noise blasted his ears. There was a loud roll enveloping his total being and when this noise subsided, he could hear shouts becoming louder and louder until they made his head spin and he tried to cover his ears as he stumbled down the street. As he looked down

toward the ground, he saw swirls and swirls of water crashing about his feet as waves breaking on the shore. The splash became fingers reaching at his face and trying to pull him down to the earth. John tried to fight all these forces working against him and ran as fast as he could thrashing his hands in all directions, screaming as he ran.

As John ran into the night, a crowd of curious on-lookers had gathered under a neon sign. They stood huddled in the mild shower, whispering their thoughts to one another. Several miles in the distance, a small rumbling thunder was heralding its arrival. They watched and as outsiders, they wondered.

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Our Man in the Dome

By Susan Termohlen, '68

We all know by now that Mr. Lawrence J. Murphy is our new principal here at P.H.S. but what we don't know is how fortunate we are in having him. He will greatly help the students at P.H.S. and will try his hardest to see that every student gets the best education possible.

Mr. Murphy graduated from St. Joseph's High School and Holy Cross College. After he graduated, he taught geography at Plunkett Junior High School in 1929. In 1931, he became the acting principal of Central Annex. Then, in 1940, he was transferred to P.H.S. where he taught European history and the earth sciences. In 1943, he joined the U. S. Army and was assigned to Camp Lee, Virginia where he stayed until he was honorably discharged in 1945. Then, in 1950, he was appointed Head of the Social Studies Department. In 1959, he was appointed the head of the newly established Pittsfield Summer School. He held this position from 1959 to 1965. He

was the principal of Central Annex from 1959-1961. From 1961-1962, he was the Co-ordinator of Honors and Advanced Placement. Next, in 1965, he was made principal of the John C. Crosby Junior High School. This job continued until August, 1967 and, now, as we all know, he is principal here at P.H.S. From this long list of positions, we know that he is most certainly qualified and, from his great experiences with students, we know that Mr. Murphy can handle the vast number of students that he now has.

Mr. Murphy admits that it is more difficult to be the principal of a high school than of a junior high, but he finds the former more enjoyable. The only special problem he has met so far is being able to find enough time in the day for doing all the things he'd like to do for the students. From this statement alone, we can see that Mr. Murphy is most willing to do all he can for the students and would like to spend all his time helping them.

Mr. Murphy does not plan any important changes at P.H.S. while the

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school is on double sessions. It would be very difficult to plan anything new at the hectic schedule the school is on now. He hopes to participate, however, in the planning for the several new programs that are to be a part of the new Pittsfield High School.

When asked what he thought of P.H.S. students, Mr. Murphy replied, "Wonderful. I liked them at Crosby. I like them here." We know that Mr. Murphy is 100% behind us here and would like to see that we all attain our separate goals.

Mr. Murphy, in planning a successful P.H.S. looks for "the continued help and cooperation of all those connected with the school—students, faculty, and administration—to make P.H.S. the best ever." Mr. Murphy, we extend our welcome to you and know and trust that you *will* make P.H.S. great.

Nothing Hurts Me Now

I'm wrapped in my indifference;
Nothing hurts me now.
I'm full of caring nothing for
The why or where or how.

I've found an out from misery,
An exit from the pain
I've found a way to face the day
And never fear the rain

And if my life lacks meaning,
I will never know.
And if my heart is empty,
I think it's better so.

I've apathized my mind with
Every empty word and phrase.
I've pondered depths of nothingness
And wandered in a daze—

—Until at last I've lost myself
In a protective maze.

By Jean Komuniecki, '68

MIND

By Jane Perlman, '68

IT IS VERY black in here. Yes, very black indeed. I can't see anything but I can feel the walls moving in and out, in and out. I can tell by the way they are moving so much faster that they want me to open my eyes. It's so peaceful now, but if I open my eyes I'll be in the busy part of the mind I live in.

It's too late . . . I've looked and seen the flashing lights and the pulsating colors. I've heard the loud vibrating music and felt the active movement around me. I've smelled the sweet smell and breathed the warm air. Now I'm caught in this constantly active part of the mind that I hate so.

Here they come . . . those people who live in this massive brain with me. They are fools to think that I will believe their stories. They tell me I'm in a real room and not a brain. Let them talk because I know where I am . . . I'm in a mind, someone's brain.

Wonderful! Somehow I've slipped back into the quiet part of the mind and found peace again. The walls are moving slowly and it's very black in here.

Dear Gertie,

I came to school wearing culottes, a sweatshirt, sandals, and flowers painted on my arms. I was kicked out. What should I do?

Troubled

Dear Troubled,

Wash—they probably think you have some sort of disease and don't want you to infect the school.

Gertie

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the arts column

THE MEDIUM IS THE MESSAGE

"The medium, or process, of our time—electric technology—is reshaping and restructuring patterns of social interdependence and every aspect of our personal life. It is forcing us to reconsider and reevaluate practically every thought, every action, and every institution formerly taken for granted. Everything is changing—you, your family, your neighborhood, your education, your job, your government, your relation to 'the others.' And they're changing dramatically." Thus opens Marshall McLuhan's and Quentin Fiore's *The Medium Is The Message*. What is it? According to the authors, "*The Medium Is The Message* is a look-around to see what's happening. It is a collide-oscope of interfaced situations." It is also one of the most unique, bizarre, fascinating, and perplexing books ever written.

Marshall McLuhan (author of *Understanding Media*) has recently become recognized as the foremost philosopher in North America. Just as Marx felt that all history was based on economic factors, Marshall McLuhan bases all human actions and thoughts according to the technology around us. "Societies have always been shaped more by the nature of the media by which men communicate

than by the content of the communication."

McLuhan teams up with Quentin Fiore, an award winning graphics designer and artist, to combine a running commentary on today's life and problems and tomorrow's prospects with a wierd conglomeration of pictures and art. The effect achieved is very successful.

The book opens with a photograph of a raw egg (that has an EPC Progress decal on it) in a plate and the caption, "Good Morning?" After that, there is little conventional in the book. At times the words are upside-down or sideways or even backwards, and the pictures may stretch four pages or more. Reading the book is a real experience. Reading the book and comprehending it is also work; it isn't the simplest philosophy to understand.

The effort required in reading *The Medium Is The Message* is worth it, however. The book adds insight to why things are the way they are. As the authors say, it's "... a look-around to see what's happening." And it's certainly happening here.

By William Levy, '68

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"THE TRIP"

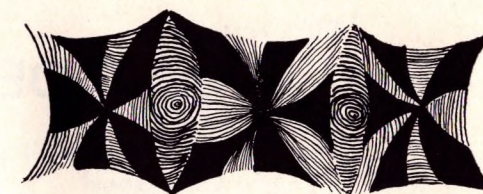
Whether or not it was the main purpose of American International Pictures to produce a "different" movie, they have, to a degree, succeeded in doing just that by producing "The Trip." For, however lacking in dramatic excellence as it may have been, "The Trip" impressed me as being different.

I need not worry about giving the plot away in this review. "The Trip" has no plot. Of course there has to be a bit of a background story—a young man, confused and disillusioned by the failure of his marriage and the seeming falseness of his world, turns to LSD seeking inner truth—but the major part of the movie deals with nothing more than the experience itself.

According to those who have taken LSD, there are "bad" as well as "good" trips. Our disillusioned young hero (played rather absently by Peter Fonda) experiences both. This is where "The Trip" is at its best. The film effects, such as kaleidoscopic designs, misty shots of hooded horsemen, and especially the mixing of negative film footage with the garish neon signs of the real Sunset Strip, are unusual and very good indeed.

What with all the publicity that LSD has been receiving of late, I am tempted to term "The Trip" a sort of necessary evil of the times. But I hesitate to call "The Trip" such a harsh name as "evil." I would prefer to describe it as plotless, trite, and dramatically lacking, perhaps, but nonetheless a strangely fascinating film.

By Jane Salata, '68



OP ART

Before us we see a painting consisting of carefully placed and spaced lines, shapes and colors. At first glance, this work seems basic and unappealing, until the eyes become conscious of the swirling of lines, the rising and swelling of certain areas and the manner in which one is being engulfed into the very abyss of the paper.

This fascinating form of art is called Op or optical art. An artist of Op concentrates directly on stimulating the retina of the viewer, which in turn stimulates the viewer as a whole. He accomplishes this by varying the size, value, spacing and direction of lines and shapes, and by combining unusual colors. The finished product may be merely a series of circles which diminish seemingly into a hole, but because of the manner in which they are spaced, the eye travels down the tunnel, back up again and perhaps around in circles. As may be assumed, Op rarely contains any realism, and one will become quite dizzy or even nauseous if confronted with an Op masterpiece for too long.

This brings to mind the question of the value of Op in our culture. Critics disagree on the esthetic value and perhaps there is none. After examining this art, however, all must agree on its amazing qualities as a stimulating medium.

By Terri Metropole, '68

LULLED DELIVERANCE

By Carol Vandergrift, '70

UP TO THE steep stairs and along go I; up into a different world. One where all memories and glimpses of the realistic world are knocked from one's mind and lost in the constant flurry of motion. A new world is encountered with just a little effort from the patrons of this mod place. Yes, there is no work, only pleasure to be gained by escaping from a crazy power-hungry world to one of complacency. What am I doing here?

I am only conscious of an inner desire toward the occult domain. I realize I belong to the movement even though I am firmly against it. Yes, I'm one of the confused who, when not in need of it, conspire against it. I use it, foolishly but cunningly. It delivers me from all my chains of the world to help enable me to be free from it itself.

How does this world operate? It deceives the senses and mind. Flashing colored lights and electronic noises thoroughly confuse my mind to a state of torture. To evade the state I meander against the erupting floor to a fluorescent spinning table where I can sit in a chair which slowly rises, building up to a sudden let down. But as long as I can see the glitter of the pounding drum mallet which pounds the beat right through my brain, I need nothing else. Soon after complete concentration on the mallet I become dizzy and the feeling of nausea blocks out other worries of the world. With a slight motion for attention, an odd-looking waitress with an expressionless painted face will arrive and ask for my order. The best they serve for upset stomachs is a combination of Coke and

milk; Coke for relief and milk to dull acidity. Everything adds!

Now with senses lulled I can bear to face the world again. I can take the filth and wretchedness because I can feel nothing which would unbalance my complacency and let me see the real world. Slowly I slide down a hidden chute to appear in the world. But I am safe from its horrors because I no longer have feelings nor conscience to hinder my crossing any roads to get to the better side. There is nothing to stop me except that truck that will soon run me over—Oh! I almost forget, "HELP!!!"

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FIND YOUR MIND

By Carl Greenberg, '69

BLOW YOUR mind, lose your cool. Let your mind do what it wants to do. Explore your mind's intricacies, witness the fantastic colors and shapes it has to offer, have a private happening, and come to profound understandings. Give your mind its ticket to freedom with LSD. You might have a trip far surpassing your most fantastic dream. But first let me give you a piece of M.C.G. (Mind of Carl Greenberg).

You might also have a freakout far surpassing your most exhausting efforts to stay sane. You may take your ticket and find yourself going, going, gone—as in insane, or dead. Or years later you may end up with a deformed kid (the stuff affects the genes). So float out on the Last Ship to Derangement, Death and Deformity (you thought it stood for lysergic acid diethylamide?), hope to avoid the gruesome three and the rest of the as yet undefined or undetected other "side effects" (if that's a sufficient description), you could have one of the most wonderful experiences of your life if you do avoid them.

LSD promised to be quite a fabulous drug; it is for some illnesses but not for freeing your mind. Maybe someday we will have a drug that does only the things we *want* LSD to do.

Well, that's what M.C.G. has to say. Bon voyage.

Dear Gertie,

For the first four years at P.H.S., I have carried a lunch pail and worn white socks. Everyone laughs at me. Why?

S.D.

Dear S.D.,

It is unladylike to carry a lunch pail and wear white socks.

Gertie

Forest Walk

I walk through the forest. All my senses come alive

I can feel the red moist soil sifting through my toes

I smell the dampness of the leaves and the pine

Colors . . . red brown green

I look up at the towering trees

I become dizzy as colors pass around me they swirl above my head

I'm falling into a pit

Everything seems to be breathing . . . the trees the ground the leaves

I begin to fall

RUN . . . I must run

By Lynn Stahm, '68

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ON NATURE AND LIVING

By Paul Rilla, '68

IT IS DAWN. The early rays of sunlight are dancing merrily on dew-stained leaves, casting shimmering shadows upon the damp surroundings. The chattering, musical sounds of scampering animals fill your ears as they begin their day. It is beautiful. Life is beautiful. It is here where you can forget the noise of the city, leave your worries behind you and LIVE. And enjoy LIVING. The sound of the gurgling brook reaches your ears. You are fascinated and confused. How can something be so simple, yet be so beautiful?

As the day wears on, the sun somehow finds its way through the sky. In a secluded meadow, the laughter of children can be heard. They are small children. Soon, memories of your childhood float softly before your eyes. But the childhood you knew was never so wonderful. You had existed all those years—until now. Now, you have not a care in the world to bring you down. Now, you are LIVING. You may ask yourself, "What is the difference between LIVING and EXISTING?" Well, to EXIST is to BE, but to LIVE is to ENJOY.

You walk on; twigs crack beneath your feet. Flowers, beautiful flowers, surround you. The air is filled with the sweetness of life, and the steady hum of bees as they gather nectar. So peaceful. Suddenly you find yourself running, and your mind is moving in a background of wonder. To where you are running you know not. Joy surrounds you. You are bursting with hidden happiness that is now no longer hidden.

A boy and a girl are sitting on the bank of the brook. They are in LOVE. You can tell by the look in their eyes. They

don't see you, though, for they are in a world of their own. They are LIVING.

You tumble to the ground. Laughing. Happy. LIVING. And just think—it took a simple, yet so beautiful thing as nature to show you—the most sophisticated of all God's creatures—what it is to LIVE.

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The Ballad of The Lady Anne

By R. I. Nagel, '66

Cauldron

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West Orange, New Jersey

Let me tell you of the passing of time
Of the pounding of waves on a weather-
beaten shore
Of the unhampered march to a pre-
destined end
By an old old man with the strength of
ten.

I am old, though not as He.
My cheeks are hollow, my forehead
withered,
My hair is grey and my skin slightly
umber.
But as old as I am, I still remember.

Yes, I remember and remember well,
(For what else is there but memories for
an old man?)
There was a time when men moved
slowly, but with purpose,
And for every act there was a time.
But now, how dare I mention "Time,"
But rather, "Time, your highness,"
For time is king.

* * *

There was a time when men made time.
Now time makes men, and indeed, all is
A grasping after wind.

When I was young I used to sail
Upon a sturdy vessel.
Ah, this was a craft!
Long and sleek she made her unhurried
way
Across the waves with grace and natural
beauty.
. . . Hanging there above the ballroom
fireplace
(How clearly yet prevails the image)
Is a portrait of a lady,
The namesake of the ship . . . Lady Anne.

We make our way slowly through the
waves.
The sea is calm and men relax . . .
Oh, "relax," an old forgotten term
Used by old forgotten men
In art (and other obscure places.)

I rise slowly from my chair
And lifting my glass to shoulder level
Propose a simple toast . . .
"To you, my lady,
May no one wish to sink the Lady
Anne."
And from my throat there rises now
A terminating phrase . . .
"What God has wrought upon this ship
Let no man put asunder."

The old man marches on His pre-
destined path

While I, No more than a bystander,
Watch His awful work.
He cracks His lightning whip
Over the heads and hearts of men.
And every age which feels this welt
Is not the same thereafter.

But I upon the boat am quite immune
To the accelerating force
Which permeates the air.
On this ship let glasses always tinkle
In the fireplace.
Let no one try to sink the Lady Anne.

* * *

How strange it must be on the outside
Rather than looking out.
I cannot understand their foolish fren-
zied pace.
I am sorry my young friend
I do not do you justice.
The pace is his, not yours.

* * *

The numbers on this boat
Begin to dwindle by the hour.
I strain to see if we are
Still on the inside looking out.
I fear the lightning whip grows closer,
For now it threatens to sink the Lady
Anne.

* * *

The glasses cease to tinkle in the fire-
place.
No man (save this one) yet remains
Upon this old and stately cruiser.
Each bowed to me in leaving,
And I noticed as they bowed,
Each bore a single welt across the back.

The world whirls faster
Men's heads begin to spin.
I fear at any moment
I must loose my sense of reason.
(Reason; can a minority of one have
reason?)

Changing . . . Changing . . . Changing . . .

The hair of the lovely girl above the fire-
place
Has turned from blond to hoary gray.
A single tear is seen to trickle
From her eyes.

Outside the world is shouting, ranting,
raving.
I tell them to relax, relax.
The Fools, they cannot hear,
For I am on the inside looking out.
And now, they want to sink the Lady
Anne.

* * *

I shall cease my useless singing
Leave them to their own devices.
The old old man prevails.
I will talk to you instead, my friends.
For now they have gone and sunk the
Lady Anne.

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the closest thing to home



Look for The Golden Arches

TODAY'S PIONEERS

By Marcia Culver, '69

IN THE SUMMER of 1967 the world witnessed what is to me one of the most extraordinary and exciting events of our modern times. Last June hundreds of courageous and dedicated Israeli women fought alongside their men in defense of their country in a display of pride and patriotism which should be an inspiration to not only all women but all people.

This event brought home to me something that all the history books ever written could not express—a sense of the kind of pioneer spirit that was the foundation of our own country. The pride that both those early American pioneers and these contemporary Israeli pioneers know can only be felt by a people who must work and fight and perhaps die for what is theirs, and the loss of the ability to feel such overwhelming and triumphant love for our country is the price we pay for our affluence, our strength, and our sophistication.

I have known of the existence of Israel's women's army for some time, and like most other American women, my initial reaction was far from enthusiastic. I was appalled by the idea of women being drafted into military service and actually training for combat. But last June, when I saw how much these women were able to contribute to their country, I felt nothing but admiration and perhaps even envy. It must be truly rewarding to know that one has accomplished so much.

This, however, does not mean that I feel such an example could or should be followed in the United States. It would be neither necessary nor inspirational, for the very basis of Israel's women's army is the need for military defense. Both the strength and position of our country preclude the possibility of our finding ourselves in a situation such as the one confronting Israel. Nevertheless, the people—men and women—of the United States could follow Israel's patriotic example by becoming more concerned with the past, present and future of our land. We must be informed about and critical of our government. We must express and take action on our views. In defense of freedom, we must show in our own way the kind of courage and dedication the Israeli woman has shown.

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and
flaxened-haired princes
Lolling amidst a dangling colony of children
Whispering pleas of peace,
resonant to
those who will listen,
oblivious to those who mistrust

By Mark Roberts, '70

Where Am I?

Where am I?
Now in a ship gliding o'er the sea,
Hearing blue, sparkly Waters calling
me
To come. But I shall tease and not
obey.

I scurry through the moonlight and
fall
On a pillow of Ecstasy. Still I hear the
call
Of the Waters, but more I shall delay.

The ship, full of color and studded
with jewels,
Is happy. The stars smile and shine in
pools
Of Glory. All is Free and Unblemished.

The air is filled with a crisp, clean
smell;
The taste is Pure—ah, I can tell
I am at last in the Realms of Perfection.

I am ready. I shall cool the Passions
Of the Waters, still calling.

Where am I?
Now in a cool whirlpool of Rapture,
Sinking so blissfully—faster and faster . . .
Where am I?
Nowhere.

By Anne Iwanowicz, '69



AMY KAUFMAN



TERRI METZGER



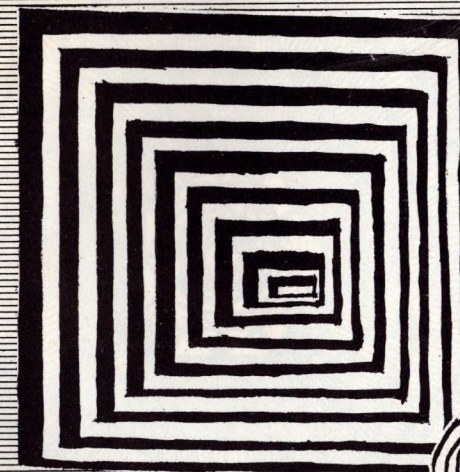
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DECELLES

NANCY LITSCHER



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FOWLER

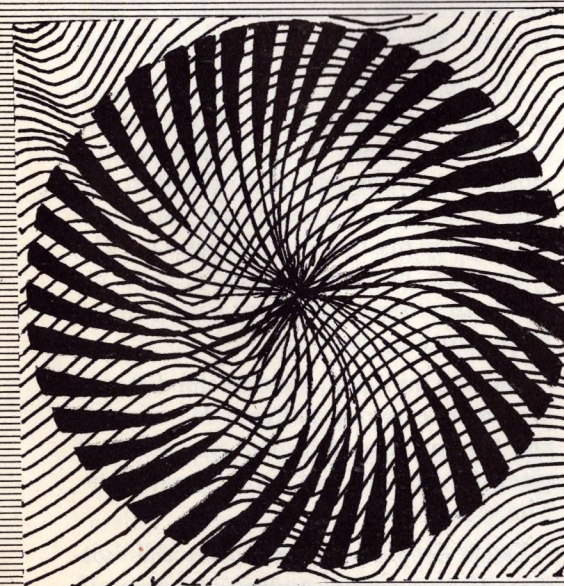
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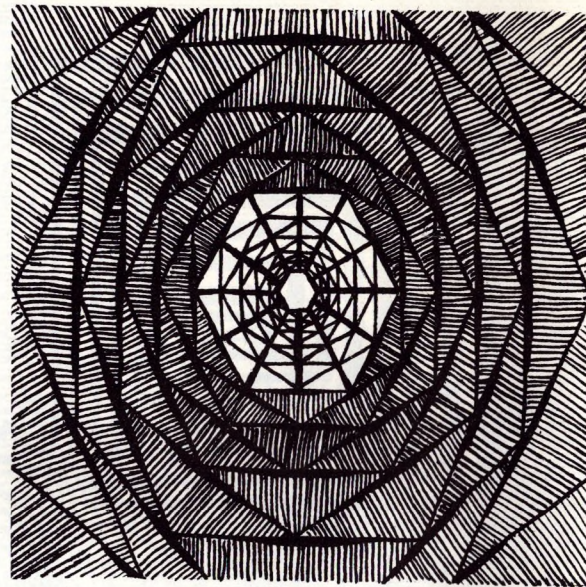
KEN FOWLER



DYANE LAIKIN

SHADOW CHASM

By Kate Roberts, '68



DEEP, DEEP down, perhaps at the bottom of the earth, a dark dungeon. I stand alone, frightened—no—terrified of the black around me. Some unknown time, an undiscovered place, nowhere. A noise behind me turns me about. It is a kind voice reciting my favorite fairy tale. I stand and listen, waiting for the voice to kiss me good-night and tuck the covers about my body.

Something crawls out of the wall. Only my brother, with his hands stuffed into his pockets. He is singing my song. I watch and listen. He bites me in the shoulder. The blood from the wound washes him away.

My heart is beating harder. Frozen to the floor, I smell burning rubber. The black air of nowhere is full of smoke. A vision of a mother throwing a baby girl out of the glowing kitchen window into the expectant jaws of a neighbor flashes before me and vanishes to the whistling of the "Colonel Bogie March". My father walks down the driveway in his moss-caked boots. I run to jump into his

arms. "I am saved!" I yell as I grasp the empty, horrid air. Tears won't come, just a burning sensation on my cheek.

Aunt Arachne comes toward me as I lie, staring at her smiling face. I run, for she is carrying a mushroom full of anti-septics. Merthiolate, iodine, nasty stuff.

Out of breath I sit. Not for long. A giant in purple and white rushes toward me, bent double, with one arm with a closed fist at the end of it, aimed at me. The fluorescent numerals six and seven flash before my bewildered eyes. Quickly, I bow my head and cover it with my hands to receive the blow. I will run no more. Nothing happens.

Raising my head, I see in the distance a woman carrying a light. My mother and the sun. I wait for her. She comes. I reach for her gift but I can't reach her. The tears come.

Deep, deep down, perhaps at the bottom of the earth, a dark dungeon. I stand alone, frightened—no—terrified of the black, black around me.

ALUMNI NEWS

Mayor Remo DelGallo, the mayor of Pittsfield since 1965 graduated from P.H.S. in 1943. He will be running for mayor against Donald Butler in the coming election.

"It is a pleasure to be able to tell the students of Pittsfield High School a little about my job and about the immense opportunities to serve, which politics and government has to offer.

Let me say that, being a mayor is "at once (to use the words of Mayor Lee of New Haven), the most awesome, depressing, the most exciting and the most challenging, the most satisfying and the most demanding job in domestic America today." It is all these things because there is so much to be done for all the people in the city, in fields like conservation, education, public health, police and fire protection, recreation, traffic control, housing, and urban renewal. We must prevent blight and decay, slums and disease, crime and ignorance, to enable our youngest citizens to have the opportunity to develop their fullest potential, to permit men and women to maintain themselves with pride and dignity, and to allow our older citizens to enjoy the maximum rewards for their lifetime of service to our society.

The city is in business to provide services and the mayor must supply the leadership necessary to enable the city to fulfill these obligations. He must be able to make decisions, even unpopular decisions, and he must plan ahead so that crises do not arise which cause added expense and hardship to the community.

Finally, the mayor is responsible not to one segment or group in the community, but to all groups, to each and every citizen in his city. He must work constantly to deserve the cooperation, the good will, and the endorsement of the people, but he has the immense satisfaction of being in a position to contribute something to the well being of his fellows.

It is my sincere hope that this discussion will help to stimulate many of the young people in Pittsfield High today to face the challenges and experience the satisfaction which come from seeking public office."

Remo Del Gallo
Mayor

Sydney R. Kanter, a 1931 P.H.S. graduate and an eminent photographer, recently received the Craftsman award from the National Professional Photographers of America while attending the New England Professional Photographers' Convention. Mr. Kanter, a past president of the National Professional Photographers of America, was reappointed to the board of advisors of this association.

"A funny thing happened on the way to the Forum—in this case, it was a convention, but first things first.

After graduating from Pittsfield High School in 1931, I did stints in a jazz band in Boston, sold ladies' shoes in Rochester, N. Y., sold life insurance in Pittsfield and wholesale tobacco in Berkshire County.

The only soul satisfying thing I was doing during this period was satisfying my natural artistic desires with a \$12.50 Argus 35 M. M. camera. This was and still is one way to develop one's artistic desires using the mechanical help of the camera to produce things of beauty, design, form, etc.

Photography was still only my hobby when World War II broke out and General Electric Co., called me to replace one of their industrial photographers.

I was most fortunate in finding myself being tutored there by one of the area's leading industrial photographers. He was there then close to 50 years and all the tricks of the trade were mine for the taking if I listened and watched and I did listen and watch.

At the end of the war, with the experience under my belt I decided to open up my own studio. Luck was with me. The area needed a fresh approach. That, with the publicity I had been receiving as an amateur award winner was what I needed to be on my way. Twenty one years later and we're still going strong. Now to my opening remarks—During these last 2 years I have met many would be studio owners who because of lack of experience or personality problems ended up in failure. My observation also shows that those men and women who went off to college, got a degree of some sort, were then able to become successful photographers and in a shorter time.

Several weeks ago I met a namesake from Boston going to the same Convention I was headed for. He is the leading legal photographer in the country today doing about 2,000 cases a year. Why so successful? He graduated from Northeastern College of Engineering and then went on to get a law degree at Boston

College. Armed with all this technical and legal knowledge, all he needed was the mechanics of a camera to assure him of a successful future and that he has.

Moral of the story—"get that college education first and let luck follow."

Sydney R. Kanter

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FEATURES

Casey's Column

Summer's gone and we're all back in the swing of things here at P.H.S. I hope you all enjoyed yourselves because I didn't since I spent nearly ALL my time hiding and trying to get all the scoop. I know that during the summer we all change our ways. Pam Troy can tell you all about that . . . Helen spent the entire summer scouting the baseball field and now football season's here—you're slipping . . . Mary Beth, you're pretty positive you're going to the G.A.A., aren't you? . . . Congratulations, Martha—after 2½ years . . . Is it true that Neil Sklar's nickname is "Ben Israel"? . . . S. Zancanato has been receiving a lot of long distance phone calls lately . . . It has been heard that Danny Partridge has been using his "exploding fingers" in typing . . . Lynne Cancilla seems to be quite the "vamp" this year . . . Barb Brown is starting the year off right by saying "hi" to a chosen few . . . A certain junior girl thinks that Rog Hartwell is quite the man . . . Peggy H. and Mark S. had better watch out for a certain sister teacher . . . Janice Carnevale—mini skirts are worn above the knee, not below it . . . Mr. Biron, ARE you running a grammar school? . . . Sue Senger would enjoy a few more bomb scares . . . Debbie Chase, what was that peculiar object near your locker? . . . Pam Troy is teaching Phil Glassanos the *right* way to drive a motorcycle . . . We wonder just what sport Gale Lefkowitz is directing . . . Been riding too many motorcycles lately, Anne? . . . Eileen, please decide; is it David G. or John C. that you think is COOL? . . . Donna Walsh has her eye on a certain football captain . . . There was a mouse, or was it a Rat, on the bus to

Chicopee . . . Jimmy, now that the older girls aren't around to impress, what WILL you do? . . . Two certain football players (John Robertson and Jimmy Bagdonas) could have wonderful careers as fashion models . . . Is Kathy Frahm on the hunt for a new love, or does Tony's car have a flat tire?

Well, friends, that's all for now, but beware, for Casey never sleeps!

Sean O'Casey

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How to Skip School Without Getting Caught—Sharon Monterosso and Karen Killacky
Those Who Love—Chris Vandergrift and David Lusignan
Mustache Care—Mr. Roberts
How to Wear Freckles—Rog Hartwell
Wipe Out—P.H.S. Football Team
Why the G.A.A. Is Cool—Eileen McInerney
How to Make A Fool of Yourself—Debbie Chase
Gore—Mr. Kidney
How to Wear Culottes and Not Get Caught—Joyce Cadorette
Great Expectations—The Teachers
Three Cheers for Jeff Cadorette—Jeff Cadorette
How To Do A "Fine Job"—Ellen Ditchner
How to Sell Hamburgers—Mike Pierce
Twiggy—Gale Lefkowitz
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 Linda Rapkowicz growing an inch?
 Mr. Fox saying, "Yes, my dear" to both the girls and guys?
 Jim Maniatis driving a '48 Olds?
 Getting your best friends in your classes?
 Mrs. Henderson using blank paper to hand out for homework?
 John Ciliberti without three different girls?
 Terry Goodrich in colored socks?
 No surprise quizzes?
 Mr. Blagdon not wearing a bow tie?
 The temperature under 92° in Rm. 103?
 Dave Weeks without his curly hair?
 Jean Rocheleau not making a team?
 Toni-Jo in a granny dress?
 Stan Patryn in a suit?
 John Powers without freckles?
 Karen Utzig with skirts down to her knee?
 Horace LaDoucer without Jeff Johnson?
 Bunny Valente with a frown?
 Tom Barry on a date?
 Lynn Dugan going steady . . . for a week?

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Dear Gertie,

I am always late for my classes on the 3rd floor because I have to come up from the basement. What should I do?

Late

Dear Late,

Why don't you break your leg? That way you'll be able to use the elevator.

Gertie

Dear Gertie,

When I walk to school at 7 o'clock, my hair frizzes. What should I do?

The Fizz

Dear The Fizz,

I advise that you either cut your hair off or don't bother going to school.

Gertie

Dear Gertie,

For my special date, I plan on wowing my new boyfriend by wearing my green and purple striped stockings to accent the orange in my multi-colored polka dot mini skirt that goes so perfectly with my lemon yellow and poison green checkered shirt and my chartreuse heels. My problem is, should I wear my Ruined Red or Pathetic Pink lipstick? What do you suggest I do?

O.D.D.

Dear O.D.D.

Stay home!

Gertie

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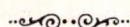
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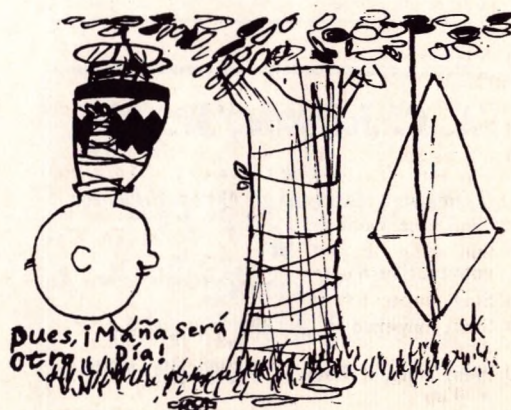
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LANGUAGES

Los Cadettes

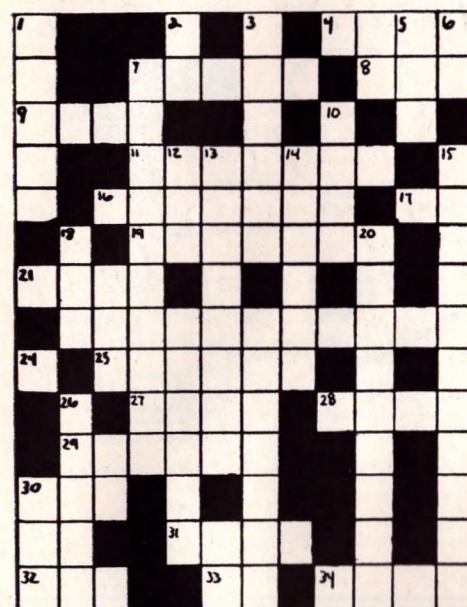
By Sandy Harris, '68

Los Cadettes, una actividad del colegio de Pittsfield, es un grupo de cuarenta y dos chicas. Tienen dieciseis o diecisiete años y estan asistiendo su segundo o Ultimo año en el colegio. Las chicas llevan una blusa blanca, un chaleco morado, una falda morada, zapatos blancos, calcentines blancos, guantes blancos y uno saco blanco. Practican marchando todos los dias despues de escuela hasta fines de noviembre para preparar una marcha para hacerla durante el partido de futbol, tienen uno espectaculo de moda, y hacen un viaje todos los anos. Tambien despues de las Navidades durante su vacaciones, tienen una reunion para los mientros graduados. El ano pasado los Cadettes fueron a Boston pero este ano van a viajar a Washington, D.C.



Latin Crossword

By Al Duda, '68



Down

- 1 Nom. sing. masc. of adj. *Bad*
- 2 Abl. sing. fem. of adj. *Is*
- 3 Plur. act. imperative of *Maneo*
- 5 Nom. sing. *Murder, Death*
- 6 Adv. *To that place, Thither*
- 7 Inf. *To Banish, To Remove*
- 10 3rd principle part *Rideo*
- 12 Inf. *To Go*
- 13 1st person sing. imperf. pass. subjunctive *To Dye*
- 14 Adv. *Again, Anew*
- 15 Celebrated Latin teacher at P.H.S.
- 18 Pres. inf. *Eo*
- 20 3rd person plur. future act. *To Save, To Guard*
- 22 Gen. sing. *Salinum*
- 23 2nd sing. imperf. subjunctive *Quaero*
- 24 Sing. Imperative *Eo*
- 26 Sing. imperative *Aperio*
- 30 Nom. Sing. *A Road A Way*

Across

- 4 Positive comparison *Bonus*
- 7 Gen. sing. fem. of past part. *Reor*
- 8 Dat. sing. *A God*
- 9 Sing. pres. imperative *To Throw*
- 11 Gen. sing. *A Shore, A Coast*
- 16 Nom. sing. masc. past part. *Mereor*
- 17 Word meaning *If*
- 19 Gen. sing. *Genus*
- 21 Famous Latin conjunction meaning among other things *Thus*
- 22 1st sing. imperfect subjunctive *To Follow*
- 25 Nom. sing. masc. *Famous, Bright*
- 27 Nom. plur. *Oil*
- 28 Abl. Sing. *A Ford, A Shoal*
- 29 Pres. sing. imperative *To Obtain Possession Of*
- 30 Conjunction *Or*
- 31 *To Begin, To Undertake*
- 32 Defective verb *To Say*
- 33 Nom. sing. masc. adj. *This, That*
- 34 2nd plur. pres. active *To Go*

(Answers in next issue)

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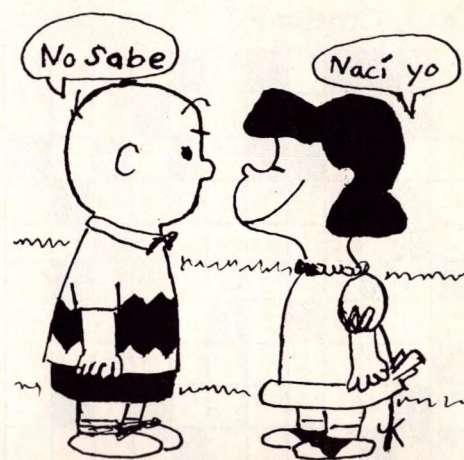
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Bientot, fillettes,
vous deviendrez femmes.
Bientot, petits garçons,
vous deviendrez hommes.
Alors, vous pourrez
pleurer,
hair,
etre tristes.
Alors, petits enfants,
petits enfants,
vous mourrez.
Et, courir ne vous servira pas le moins
du monde,
pas le moins du monde.

By Judy Quillard, '68

Increase Your German Vocabulary

bald—what you are when your hair falls
out
Bild—how you can make a house
Ding—the noise that a bell makes
elf—a little man who makes shoes
gross—horrible
nun—a religious woman
rot—what some required reading books
do
Tag—a game little kids play
um—what to say when you don't know
the answer
Wand—what we wish we had to help us
get ready in the mornings
Wurst—a "0" on a test
Blech—what to say when you have to
take medicine

Kauf—what you do when you have a
cold
Kuss—to use bad language
Mut—your sloppy dog
nee—the place your skirts don't cover
Pudel—what you walk in after a rain
storm
tot—a little kid
Wut—something you say when you
didn't hear the first time.

By Susan Termohlen, '68

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This year I was scheduled for
"Twg II, Room 207, Period 3." I don't
know what "Twg II" is, but 207 is a
broom closet on the
third floor.

So I wrote a complaint on a
half piece of paper, like I was
supposed to do. And Guidance
called me down. I told them
my problem. They told
me to follow my
schedule because
they wanted to
see how the
computer had
scheduled
everyone.

I went back a few
days later and asked
when they would fix
my schedule. I said
that I didn't even have
a teacher or a course.

They told me to learn
some respect. They
also asked me to give
my class another try.
So I went back to
207.

I've been going to
207 and sitting in
the dark for weeks.
Yesterday the Bulletin
said, "Except for those
whose changes
are now being
processed, there will
be no more changes
in schedules."

Well, I've
decided to
make myself
at home
in 207.
I brought
in a TV this
morning;
the
furniture
will be here
at three.

Wlex
68

SCHOOL NOTES

Since that quiet little note on the bulletin a few weeks ago stating that no culottes were to be worn in school, there have been several opinions aired on the subject of appropriate school dress but nothing has really come of it. We wondered if the students would prefer a written code of dress, perhaps drafted by the Student Council. It is interesting to note that all males questioned were decidedly against it, with the exception of Jack Giftos who, after careful consideration, answered, "Yep".

Pat Savko—No there shouldn't be a code. But if students aren't permitted to wear culottes, then they should not be permitted to wear short skirts or miniskirts; after all, miniskirts expose much more than culottes, don't they?

Kathy Delugan—The Student Council should consider the proposal of a written code of dress, mainly because most students do not know what and what not to wear. Many are confused and rely on their own judgment which would seem perfectly proper to them, but is not in accordance with the school's standard of attire. I would definitely agree to having a written code of dress.

Steve Coltrara—I think it's for the birds.

Ellin Dichner—There is a big difference between restrictions on dress and a definite code. A definite code would never work.

Linda Klemanski—No. The school system should not interfere with our dress, providing students appear neat and presentable.

Mark Massaconi—I don't think it should be enforced on the students of P.H.S. It's like telling us to wear an orange sock on the left foot and a red on the right.

Pam Restel—I feel the Student Council should have a written code of dress. The reason for this is that students come to school unaware of the proper attire. But with this code, the student body is obliged to abide by it, and therefore no misunderstandings would arise.

Sue Judd—Yes, the kids should know before going into P.H.S. just what the proper dress is.

Dear Gertie,

Whenever I'm with my boyfriend, Stuart, all he does is giggle and giggle! What can I do to stop him?

Giggled At

Dear Giggled At,

Stuff cotton in his mouth!

Gertie

Dear Gertie,

I have a teacher who truly hates me. Everytime I get up and ask her a question, she yells at me. What can I do?

Lister Rine

Dear Lister Rine,

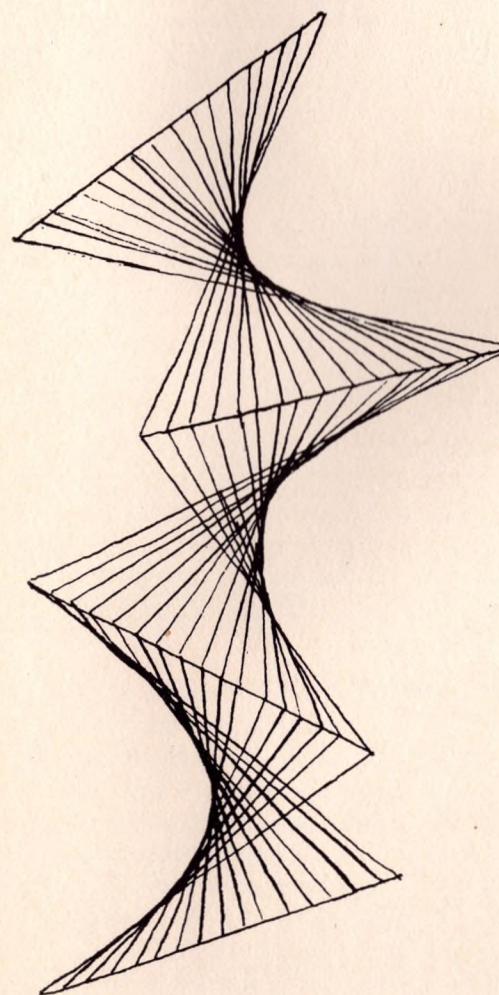
Check your mouthwash. It could help.

Gertie

Five Fingers

Vibrant lights
Pulsating Colors
Whirling forms circum the edges
Until all are engulfed into
One surging mass.

by karen downey, '68



SUSAN BARAN 12TH

Spasmodic Night

The thumping grows more and more audible
And reaches a peak of ear-drum shattering
dissonance.

A paper-mache face rolls its paint-splattered eye balls
And groans and bellows to itself.

Flower children frolic and wallow in the
Swirling strobe lights.
Their bodies are splashed with glistening
reds,
blues,
yellows.

A bead-clad foursome performs
And shakes their heads in ecstasy
To the rhythmic thumping of drums.

A piercing twang of guitars persists.
Out on the sidewalk, a man peeks in
through the window
And shakes his head and mumbles
something to himself.

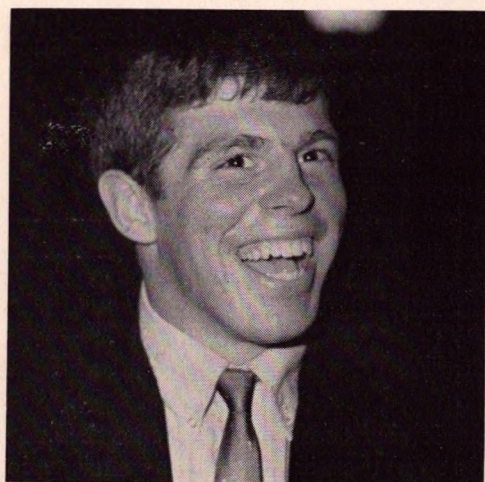
By Mark Roberts, '70

KATHY FRAHM

Meet Kathy Frahm, our new captain of the cheerleaders. No one could be more deserving of the coveted position than Kathy. Last year's co-chairman of the Junior Prom, she maintains good marks while taking A.P. English and Math. She is a member of the G.A.A. and Pep Club and no one could be peppier. The fact that Kathy's home is in Schenectady has made it twice as hard for her to hold practices, but she has done an excellent job. Kathy's future plans include attending college and majoring in math. We wish much luck and success to one of the high school's most loyal students!



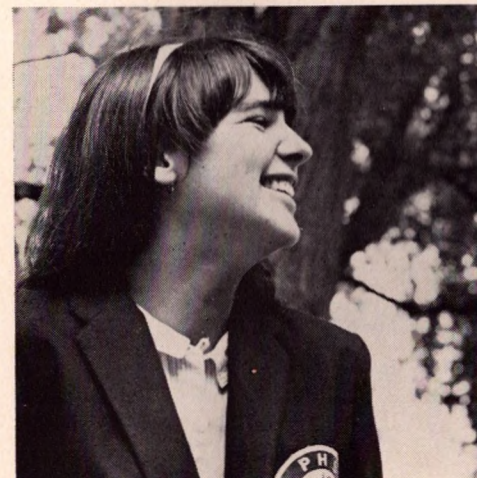
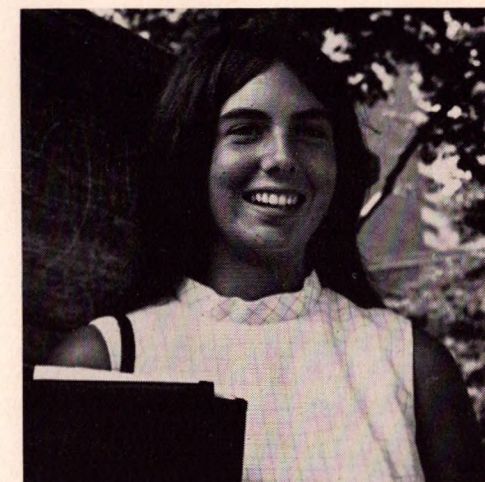
WHO'S WHO

**DAN SCACE**

Football fans might think of co-captain Dan Scace as aggressive, but minus his uniform he is actually quiet. A blushing and smiley appearance, we cannot understand why his teammates call him "Trollman." Besides football, where he plays center, he is on the wrestling and track teams. Last year he also participated in the Junior Class Council. A member of JETS, Dan is in Tech and takes advanced placement math. Next year he would like to attend the Air Force Academy and eventually pursue a career in engineering.

KAREN COY

This year's staff on the *In General* is led by a very capable senior, Karen Coy. As Editor-In-Chief, Karen puts in a lot of time and hard work for our school. This job takes up much of her time, but Karen, an Honor Roll student, successfully manages A.P. English. Some of her extra-curricular activities include being a Cadette, a member of the Student Council in her junior year, after-school sports, and she is a part-time ski instructor at Jiminy Peak. As for the future, Karen hopes to attend Wellesley where she will major in languages.

**JOAN BOIVIN**

Joan Boivin, the energetic president of the G.A.A., is also the senior manager of the Cadettes and Editor of Girls' Sports for the *In General*. During the last week of school, she was a most fitting representative to Girls' State from the D.A.R. Joan is in the college preparatory course, with an advanced placement in biology. She has hopes for an early admission to Lake Erie College where she will pursue her interest in biology. We all wish Joan the best of luck in the future.

BILL LEVY

Bill Levy is one of those seniors who never has a dull moment. Not only is he Assistant Editor of *The Student's Pen*, but he is also a veteran member of the Debating Club and Pittsfield High Band. Advanced placement physics and mathematics courses also don't allow him much time to waste. Next fall Bill would like to attend the University of Michigan, where he is applying for early admission.



SPORTS

School Spirit

By Richard Kennedy, '68

Juniors and seniors have no doubt heard this in their previous years at P.H.S., but sophomores don't realize the grave problem we have here at Pittsfield High School. I am addressing this to the entire student body, and would like you to read this with the utmost care and concern.

What is this grave problem? They call it school spirit, that's right—SCHOOL SPIRIT. Naturally this shouldn't be a problem at all, everyone in the school should have a feeling of patriotism toward their school, but contradictory to this belief a person listening to a conversation in this school might hear something like this, "I hate this school, I'd rather go to....." or "....."



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is going to beat Pittsfield in the football game." If this is school spirit then no wonder there are only 300 kids at the football games, and it's understandable why there are more fans on the visitors' bleachers than on ours at OUR HOME GAMES! But the definition of spirit is "soul," and soul can only be within, therefore school spirit must mean, "Soul of *Your* school."

Seniors, this is your year, the sports teams are yours, it's the teams of the class of '68, what they do will reflect on the ability of your class, not the sophomores or juniors. So it is up to you to support them to lead them in their every victory and to back them up in their few losses. There are 700 seniors in the school and if all of them would go to the game it would be a good start in the attendance fight. Remember, a team can be beat just by the size of the crowd the opposing team has on the bleachers.

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Juniors, WHAT A REPUTATION YOU HAVE TO UPHOLD! Remember last year when you were lowly sophomores, your class was the talk of the school, because of the tremendous spirit it displayed? Well, this is another year and as a class you have to prove that it wasn't just because you had nothing better to do that you went to the games. Think it's possible to better the attendance record your class had last year? It better be, because that's what you're going to have to do to beat the seniors.

Sophomores, this short message: those juniors built up quite a reputation for 10th graders, it's up to you to keep it going. Hopefully a new era has been born in the "spirit" of P.H.S. as of last year. Your class will be responsible to keep this era alive and kicking, until it is firmly planted in the hearts of every student in the school; if you do this you will be welcomed and respected even more than you already are.

So here is another article on school spirit to read and to get sick of, but it is up to the student body to get rid of all these articles; they shouldn't have to be written and they won't be if there isn't a need. It is all up to you.

League Merger Improves High School Soccer

By Dave Williams, '69

By Tom Sacchetti, '69

Midway through the 1967 soccer season the Pittsfield High team has faced not only a new season but a new league including several new schools. The Generals are members of a new league which is a merger of the former Northern and Southern Berkshire leagues. The merger came about mostly because the SBL dwindled to only three teams when Williams and Searles high schools combined into one school, Monument Mountain Regional. If the SBL had remained separate, the remaining three teams would

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have had a rather short season. The combination of the leagues, however, has offered a longer season and stiffer competition for all teams.

A new team to either of the leagues is St. Joseph's of Pittsfield. Although this is their first year, The Saints have organized a team which promises to add a new sport to the heated city rivalry. They showed good team spirit in their opening win over Adams, but their newness to the sport has given them difficulty. Another new member of the league is the much lauded Monument Mountain Regional. Because of returning veterans from two separate teams, Monument has put together a fast moving offense and a sound defense, and they have proven themselves to be a top contender for the title. Wahconah Regional, last year's champions, was Pittsfield's main rival last year and finally beat them in a

close 1-0 playoff. The Generals have been looking for the revenge of that defeat.

Pittsfield High in its first contest, showed balance and depth in all positions, and some fancy ball handling accounted for the five goals scored in the first quarter of their 6-0 win over Adams. The team played a good game and didn't give Adams many chances to score. In the second game, the Generals played a poor first half and were unable to make up a one point deficit in the second half. Pittsfield came back a week later, however, and handed Mount Greylock a 3-1 defeat where some fine teamwork was exhibited.

In every respect the expanded league has given extra excitement and competition to high school soccer in Berkshire County, and whichever team comes up on top will have had to prove itself a worthy champion.

G.A.A. Activities

Well, G.A.A. has really got off to a good start this year! With a great set of officers, and Miss Mac as our wonderful advisor, the G.A.A. will keep up its active program.

On September twenty-seventh, a rip-roaring hootenanny was held which was a great success. Everyone participated; even the G.A.A. Board, who put on a humorous skit! In October, the G.A.A. event was a fun-filled hayride where everyone "let their hair down," and to the accompaniment of a guitar, raised their voices, which could be heard echoing through the State Forest. When Christmastime rolls around, G.A.A. sings to some of the neighboring nursing homes, which is a rewarding experience to all girls. In January, a ski night at Bousquet's is planned, where everyone gets

together, and shares the slopes for an exciting evening. Of course, in February, our biggest event of the year takes place. The G.A.A. Valentine Dance is very special because here, the girl can invite that "special boy" that she has had her eye on all year. During the spring, we have many proposed activities that are still being discussed. Our final, and most emotional event of our full-scheduled program, is the G.A.A. Banquet. Here, honor pins are awarded to the most deserving sophomore, junior, and senior. Also, new board members are presented, and new officers are installed.

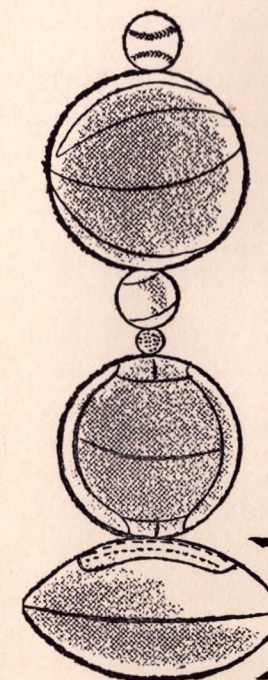
Even though these events are taking place, the after-school sports are still being played. With field hockey, volleyball, basketball, badminton, and softball, G.A.A. has quite a different variety of activities for any girl. Although the sophomores miss out on these after-

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school activities, G.A.A. has a special play day for volleyball, and a special day of gymnastics for them.

G.A.A. hopes that all of the girls who signed up for these activities, will get the most out of what the organization provides.

P.H.S. Has New Rivalry

By Joe Lyons, '68

The big football game this year will still be the annual battle between Pittsfield High and St. Joseph's for the city championship, but the second most important game in the minds of P.H.S. students and faculty will be the November 4 contest between The Generals and Wahconah Regional. Last year Pittsfield teams received a double defeat at the hands of Wahconah. The football Generals were defeated in a hard fought battle played on the Wahconah field, and to make matters worse the soccer team was defeated in a drawn out play-off for the league championship. This means that a new rivalry has developed between the two schools that could equal the classic city rivalry with St. Joseph's.

Every year the excitement builds up before the St. Joe—Pittsfield game and

no matter what the league standings are, this game never loses in its importance, for the winner of the game will be the new city champion. The biggest rally of the year is held before this game and every student who is present feels that the Generals must win this game if no other.

There is no reason why the same feeling cannot exist for the contests with Wahconah because two Pittsfield teams are involved and not just one. The largest crowd ever to see a Pittsfield High soccer match was present at the league playoff game at Cranwell field last year and hundreds of Pittsfield fans saw their team narrowly defeated by a penalty kick in the last seconds of the game. The crowd is expected to be even larger for the next Wahconah game and it will be the biggest game of the season for both the players and spectators.

Even though the football game at Wahconah last year did not have the excitement of the city championship game it still was a heavily attended one with our fans swarming over the bleachers and the hill which overlooks the field. Pittsfield lost that game in a contest that was close almost to the very end, and the Generals will certainly be out for the revenge of that defeat.

A bonfire rally was held the night before the Wahconah game last year and everyone who was there will remember it for a long time. Hundreds of students showed up for the rally and the heat of the huge fire was overshadowed only by the burning desire of those present that their team should beat its opponents on the football field the next day. This rally should be repeated this year and made even larger by more students attending so that Wahconah will know that they can expect to be beaten by all Pittsfield teams in all sports.



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GIRLS IN THE NEWS

(New G.A.A. board members and new Cadette officers)

Jean Rocheleau

Jean Rocheleau is a senior who tried out for all the girls' sports last year. She played in volleyball, basketball, badminton and softball, and was manager of volleyball and basketball. This year she plans to participate in the same sports again plus field hockey. Jean is a member of the G.A.A. and Pep Club. Her extra-curricular activities are *Student's Pen* where she writes features, language and girls' sports articles. She, also, contributes to the *In General* in features and is secretary of the Tri-Hi-Y Club.

Linda Klemansky

A junior at P.H.S., Linda Klemansky is one of the newly elected board mem-

bers of the G.A.A. Besides the G.A.A., she is an enthusiastic participant in all after school sports, and in music. Last year she was a member of the Pep Club.

Linda plans to attend college. As of now she has not decided what college she wishes to attend or what career she would like to pursue.

Joan Germanowski

Joan Germanowski felt honored when she was elected to the G.A.A. Board. She says that she is very proud to be a part of the best organization to be found at P.H.S.

As well as being a newly elected G.A.A. board member, Joan is a Junior Cadette, and takes part in athletics after school. She also plays the piano at the Community Music School and is on the advertising staff of *The Student's Pen*.

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Betty Jane Kielman

One of the new senior board members elected in June was Betty Jane Kielman, or as we know her, B.J. Enrolled in a C.P. course, and maintaining English Honors, she participates in all after school sports. In addition to after school activities, she is also secretary of her fellowship. After graduation B.J. plans to pursue a career in art. When asked what kind of a year she thought the G.A.A. would have, she said enthusiastically replied, "Active, terrific, and fun!"

Cindy Shultz

Another new member of the G.A.A. board is Cindy Schultz. She is a junior College Prep student, who last year was assistant secretary of the Student Council. In her sophomore year, Cindy was also assistant treasurer of Pep Club and her home room representative. At the end of her first year at Pittsfield High School, Cindy was elected to the board of G.A.A. In addition to this, *In General* had her services when she wrote an article on girls' sports.

When this interviewer asked Cindy what her plans were for activities in her

junior year, she said that since most activities had not yet begun, she was uncertain of her plans. She does, however, plan to try out for cheerleading. Good luck, Cindy, in all your ventures.

Sue Termohlen

Sue Termohlen who is a new Cadette officer and a new member of the G.A.A. board is one of the most active senior girls. While working part time for Berkshire Mutual Insurance Company she manages to maintain A.P. physics and math and keep exceptionally good marks. Sue is feature's editor of *The Student's Pen* and a member of the short story and language staffs, and puts time in on the features staff of *In General*.

Carolyn Fields

Being a Cadette officer is only one of Carolyn Fields' contributions to Pittsfield High School. She is also a member of *Student's Pen* and *In General* staffs, G.A.A., and after school sports. In addition she works part time at the Telephone Company. Carolyn is in College Prep with A.P. English, hoping to major in biology in college. We hope that she receives all the good luck deserved.

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